Florida

Natural History Issue War Of The Pelicans

Outdoor Recreation

Fishing · Hunting
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Outdoor Recreation

The Florida Magazine for all Sportsmen

25 CENTS



Florida Wildlife Scrapbook



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Animals At Play

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The Cover

Clumsy looking on the ground, the Brown Pelican exhibits grace and beauty in flight. Most colorful during winter plumage, center right, the white neck is replaced with a streak of deep rust coloring during the summer nesting season, left. An immature Brown Pelican is shown at lower right. See page 14.

From A Painting By Wallace Hughes

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CONSERVATION SCENE

Underwater Camera Bugs Snoop For Science

that these rivers must be saved in Florida "... if we are to preserve enough scenic and recreational land to meet the demands of millions of residents and tourists."

Three designations of scenic rivers would be established. Class I areas are stretches which are free of impoundments, inaccessible except by trail, and with primitive shores and unpolluted waters. Class II areas are stretches free of impoundments, with primitive watersheds and undeveloped shorelines, but accessible by roads. Class III areas are readily accessible by road or railroads, with some development along shorelines, and which may have undergone some impoundment or diversion in the past.

Different uses would be permitted with different classifications. Commercial timber harvesting would not be allowed within one-half mile of Class II and Class III areas when compatible with the maintenance of scenic vistas. States would be encouraged to provide for scenic rivers in their own plans.

It sets aside authority of the Federal Power Commission, Corps of Engineers, Bureau of Reclamation, and the Tennessee Valley Authority to construct dams on the rivers involved until studies are completed and Congress has had an opportunity to act on recommendations. This act would affect three Florida rivers.

State jurisdiction of fish and

NATIONAL Scenic Rivers Act,

stronger than the Senate's

Wild Rivers Bill, has been intro-

duced in the House of Represent-

atives by John P. Saylor (Pa.).

State jurisdiction of fish and wildlife will not be affected and there will be no conflict with interstate compacts. The bill does regulate mining activities and protects surface resources in scenic areas.

The entire Suwannee River from its source in the Okefenokee Swamp in Georgia, to the Gulf and the outlying Ichetucknee Springs, Florida, would be one of sixteen rivers immediately designated as "scenic river areas."

Within ten years reviews and recommendations on preservation shall be made on the Oklawaha and Wacissa Rivers in Florida and 48 rivers in other states.

The June issue of The Florida Naturalist, published by the Florida Audubon Society, states

Backyard Cooking

The Department of the Interior's Bureau of Commercial Fisheries, with the arrival of the outdoor cooking season in most sections of the Nation, is again making available the popular recipe booklet Fish and Shellfish Over the Coals.

Bureau home economists tested nearly 40 recipes for outdoor cooking of various seafood delicacies, such as lobster tails, broiled scallops, flounder with crab stuffing, rainbow trout, and many others.

The booklet, which features easy-to-follow recipes and full-color illustrations, is available for 40 cents from the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D.C. 20402.

Fish and Shellfish Over the Coals was originally published last summer, and found immediate popularity with backyard chefs and sport fishermen. Many anglers "borrowed" the household copy to help in preparing their catch while on fishing trips.

Donald L. McKernan, Bureau Director, said Fish and Shellfish Over the Coals is part of the Bureau's continuing cooperation with the fishing industry of the United States to better acquaint the public with the economy and nutritive value of fish and shell-fish as everyday foods.

Historical Markers

The Florida Historical Society and the Florida Park Board have joined in a new, cooperative program to erect plaques at historic sites within the state.

William M. Goza of Clearwater, president of the Florida Historical Society, announced that under the new program the Society will determine the location and wording of markers to be placed at historic sites.

The Park Board will pay half the cost of furnishing and erecting the plaques.

State Parks Director Bill Miller said, "The Florida Park Board's budget for the coming year contains limited funds for our historic marker program. For

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New Fisheries Program Planned

The Department of the Interior has announced proposed regulations to govern a new Federal program to conserve and develop the Nation's anadromous fishery resources. Anadromous fish, such as striped bass, salmon, and shad, live in the ocean and return to fresh water to spawn. The proposed rules are being published in the Federal Register.

The Anadromous Fish Act, passed in October, 1965, provides funds for States and other non-Federal interests to finance up to 50 percent of the cost of projects such as stream improvement and construction of fishways, spawning channels, hatcheries, and research.

Thirty-one States having anadromous fishery resources, including Coastal States and those bordering the Great Lakes, are eligible for funds under the new program. The regulations spell out requirements for loan eligibility and specify that all research must be coordinated to avoid costly duplication.

Stanley A. Cain, Assistant Secretary for Fish and Wildlife and Parks, said the Anadromous Fish Act will be administered jointly by Interior's Bureau of Commercial Fisheries and Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife. He said cooperative administration is desirable because the legislation concerns both commercial and sport fishermen.

Funds to launch the program have just been authorized by Congress. For Fiscal Year 1967, which begins July 1, 1966, the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries and the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife each will have \$2.5 million for loans among the 31 eligible states. A ceiling of \$1 million has been placed on the amount that can be granted in any one year to a single state.

Silver Anniversary

Tree Farms

By ERNEST SWIFT
National Wildlife Federation

PRESENT GENERATIONS of Americans hear or read little about timber famines. In fact, Americans hear little about famines at all, except rumors from distant lands, and then price-supported grains are shipped to the needy.

Fifty odd years ago when much of the lumber industry was still foot-loose and fancy-free to clear cut, to let land go tax delinquent and to pull stakes for a new logging chance, there was a growing public concern that the nation would soon run out of timber. East of the Mississippi few original stands of extensive acreage and volume were left. The best species had been high-graded, and what had formerly been considered inferior grades or uneconomical to cut was now being shipped to the mills.

Chronic and devastating fires through the Atlantic states, the Appalachians, the piney woods of the South and the Midwest had left entire regions destitute of any reproduction. Every forest area had its stump prairies. There was no fire protection of any consequence, management was an academic term, and tree planting was still in the experimental stages; high tax rates were an incentive for overcutting, and forestry education was a speculative gamble.

The more venturesome of the eastern and Midwestern loggers were migrating South or into the inner-mountain country of the West and the Pacific coast. In the early 1900's, especially around 1910, the forest fires in Montana and Idaho were so devastating and such volumes of virgin timber were destroyed it appeared that the entire complex of forest industry in those regions might be in jeopardy.

The Forest Service was just beginning to set up shop, the districts were large and ill-defined, the personnel were few in number and the facilities and equipment primitive. Fires were fought with shovels, gunny sacks and a prayer.

Certain public leaders, in and out of Government were beginning to call the timber industry a predatory animal with no conscience. Strangely enough, the combined burning efforts of thousands of migrant stump farmers who looked upon fire as a land clearing tool, were treated more gently.

This leadership demanded a complete take-over of all forest holdings, regardless of ownership, by the Federal Government in so far as management and cutting practices were concerned. It was revoluntionary in concept, and was to be severe in application. Naturally this was resisted by the timber industries and many small land owners. They could foresee free enterprise going down the drain.

It should be pointed out that there were some timber corporations who deplored the waste of excessive cutting which developed a wildcat market, and the lack of fire protection which negated any long range planning. Sustained management was impossible without a reasonable guarantee of fire protection. In fact combinations of companies in the West were setting up their

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Even the wildest creatures

must have proper space

and surroundings for fun

ANIMALS

AT PLAY

By ROSS PHARES



Playful antics of the bear include daring slides down slippery inclines.

Conservationists may be overlooking an important need of wild animals. Most recognize the need of supplying them food in emergencies, and we all hear about preservation and care of breeding grounds. Now, with the world fast crowding in on both man and beast, it seems time to say something about animals at play and their need of space for it.

Someone, obviously given to very broad classifications, has said the feature that distinguishes man from the other animals is his ability to laugh. At the least, I think this gives the narrowest of definitions for laughter. Some animals show obvious manifestations of pleasure, and actual laughter, though they may not be given to the roar of a belly laugh, or the silly giggles.

I believe that for some animals, having a little fun in life is a cardinal necessity. I know that my cocker spaniel smiles when he is pleased, particularly when he enjoys a joke on me—like slipping under the dining table and snitching my napkin. If he goes too long without a laugh he not only becomes morose, but sometimes ill. A cat is about as undemonstrative as any animal. But a big tom that lived at our house occasionally registered apparent pleasure at some cute—to him—get-off. His neck stretched upward as he turned and walked slowly away looking back, his big round face registering a cross between deadpan and bewilderment like a furry, quisical Jack Benny.

Whether or not animals actually laugh, in the human manner, certainly they go through the antics to produce it. The woodland world, even as Shakespeare's world for man, seems something of a stage filled with simple but eager comics and clowns and teasers and exuberant playboys.

The antics of bears at play are among the best known. Beyond mere exuberant frolicking at rolling and tumbling and tearing up the ground romping, they do such dare-devil acts as cliff-hanging, "tight-rope" walking along rock rims and tree limbs. They take to sliding as bankers do to golf. Bears have been seen to leap off a cliff onto a snow-covered hill in a bellywhopper dive and go scooting down the slippery incline like kids on bobsleds, wind up at a dizzy speed in a snowbank, shake themselves free of snow, and do the whole crazy thing over again.

Cubs are so energetic and mischievous at play, mamma bears, it is thought, have about as many discipline problems as human mammas. Young bears bite and get bit, bruise themselves falling or sliding on everything, chase themselves lost, go where they have no business and think about it later. Nothing is funnier to a devilish cub than to leap out of a tree onto a sleeping dog and knock the breath out of him.

Penguins have about as little to play with as any creatures. But they have fun with what they find at hand. Their chief pastime, when there is no work

or housekeeping to be done, is a game in which closeness is made the main objective. Their intelligence in playing this game seems quite humanabout on a college level, when we recall that college students have made some notable experiments and had some high fun at them by determining how many can pack themselves into a phone booth or sedan and still stay alive. The penguins find an ice floe and climb onto it as long as it will hold another bird, and then ride it off with the current. The more birds and the smaller the floe, the greater the challenge . . . and the fun.

This writer does not understand the motives either of the college students or the birds, but inasmuch as the game continues for both, there surely must be some merit in it.

Even the awkward, dull-eyed elephant has his moments of mirth, and a hankering to be prankish. And he is human enough to enjoy a laugh at another's expense. The story is told of an African elephant who apparently, when bored, hid himself beside a bend in the road, and when an automobile appeared, rushed out toward it, ears spread ominously, bellowing bloody murder. Once satisfied the human travelers had the daylights scared out of them he retired to the brush, it is said, "with a twinkle in his sly little eyes."

Another story is told of an elephant along an African road that turned cars over. The elephant was not a people hater. It seems he had found a plaything his size . . . and he simply wanted to bump it around just for the heck of it-not purposely to injure or kill anybody.

This seems a little on the crude side. But you can

hardly expect an elephant, probably tense from lack of recreation, to react to an automobile on a human level of safety and refinement up to that of drag racing or mooning.

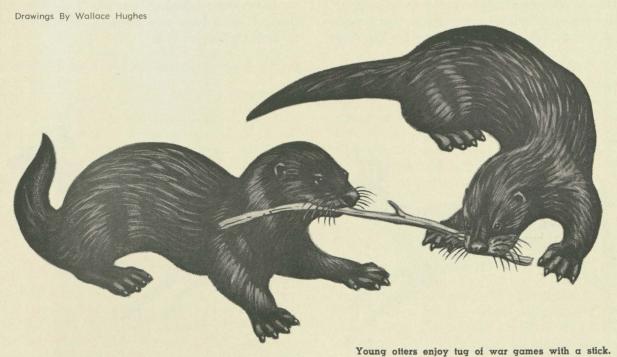
Whole herds of elephants have been seen sliding down cliffs on their big-and hopefully toughrumps, as if having the time of their lives.

All types of animals play—the big and the small, the airborne, and those that live in the water. They all have their own types of games suited to their habitants, the means at hand, and their own peculiar dexterities.

Otters probably couldn't live a staid, and business-like life. They adapt their sports to the seasons, just as people run the cycle of baseball, football, basketball. In summer they play tag, and follow the leader across the ground and through the treetops. "Tug of war" is a favorite among the youngsters, with players pulling frantically at opposite ends of a stick. At the watering places they frolic at splashing, diving, ducking, and just about anything man or beast can do in water. Winter sports include bobsledding down slippery banks, tumbling, leapfrogging in the soft snow and sliding crazily on ice.

And so it goes, with the various breeds following their likings and specialties. Deer are notable tag players. Young red deer delight in the game of "King-o'-the-castle" in which each player tries to attain and occupy the summit of a hillock. Gorillas have endless fun at hide-and-seek. Chimpanzees go for wrestling. Crows are probably the most devilish teasers in the woods, particularly of small, landbound animals such as rabbits, especially when the victim is trying to get some sleep against the efforts

(Continued on next page)



AUGUST, 1966

(Continued from preceding page)

of his night shift. As if pestering and annoying is not enough, these black cut-ups add insult to disturbance by laughing notoriously loud and long about what they have done.

What are the practical aspects of animal play? Most naturalists agree that animals play at hunting and fighting, that the play of youngsters will become, directly or indirectly, the work and business of survival—at the least, the play develops muscles and skills necessary for it. Communal games may promote, in some measure, a cooperation helpful, if not necessary, for protection as well as making a living.

Certainly one of the most important contributions of play is its influence, if not necessity, in propagating the species.

It is difficult to separate fun and sex. Well . . . who would try it after the Puritans made such a to-do about it! Which reminds us that many animals do not mate unless there is space and privacy to work up to it in the fashion of games or ceremonies—whatever you want to call it, it requires a place and a time. This is quickly realized when we observe that many animals will not breed in captivity.

In the animal world any arrangement as cramped and conspicuous as necking in the balcony is not likely to lead to families to keep the woods populated. Limited space doubtless is affecting animals even more significantly than it is people living in apartment compounds with only minimum room for eating, sleeping, breeding, and getting on each others nerves. It is not likely that the wild creatures can exert the self-control, to adjust in human fashion to the continuing limitation of living and playing space.

A visit to the woods at the romantic season will reveal pre-nuptial play, and suggest that proper setting, and enough of it, is necessary for life there to go on uninhibited. Birds almost everywhere will serve as interesting, obvious examples. Among some species, the male takes his lady to a ball, so to speak, and they dance themselves into a mood. The steps vary. Some species hop from limb to ground and up and down in a rhythm. Some couples march in circles. There are back and forth movements facing each other, the side-step, etc., etc.

If you have the patience and imagination you can see more grace and charm here than at a modern dance hall. But if you are accustomed only to civilization the birds may be a little too subtle and subdued for you to get the point. Their dances may not look as sexy as the twist or Watusi, but nonetheless that is what the birds are about.

We have learned very slowly about play and fun. For a long time parents and educators thought the human youngsters did not need either special equipment, space, or supervision for adequate recreation, growth, and health. A home-made ball, a few sticks, and some discarded bottles were considered sufficient. "Turn them loose, and they'll enjoy themselves enough," the saying went. Now, big money goes—deservedly so—for playgrounds, equipment, and supervision. But the wild animals, unlike vocal "underprivileged" minorities, are not going to march carrying placards displaying slurring remarks, such as "I want a wide meadow to play in, or I ain't eating any more of your hand-outs," but they may march off with dignity without being insulting, or making any disturbance at all, and never come back—as, indeed, they are doing.

Nothing elaborate is necessary for the wild creatures—for a start, just some open spaces among the brush and trees, some swimming and bathing pools in walking or flying distance from home, and privacy in the animal fashion.

Any way you look at it, in our Great Society, we simply cannot have any creature deprived of anything, including fun.



Di--i-- t-- i- - f----it- door ----

Summer Fun Afloat

Extensive enforcement and education programs are important guides for pleasure boating safety



By ELGIN WHITE

THEY'RE GOING "way out" nowadays . . . not only the Greenwich Village crowd and the Metracal for lunch bunch, but boaters and campers in general.

August, for some unknown reason, seems to be the month that was . . . the final fling period before we gotta take the kids back to school come Labor Day. As a result, many Florida boatmen like to go off somewhere they haven't been before, and August really becomes the most active boating month in the state.

Not that I think it should be. I like August all right, got nothing whatsoever against the month. 'Cept it's sorta warm during the daylight hours, and August was named after Augustus Caesar and I hated Latin.

But the typical boatman and family are being joined in August summer fun by the "way out" crowd, you know man, the Clydes and Clementimes with the guitars and all that noise.

We were out on Lake Eloise not long ago and pulled in along the shore where about four boats were moored with the occupants on the beach around a fire twanging away at folk songs even the folks don't know about! The guys were real gone, I mean, Clyde, they had the brush and the jeans and long, flowing hair. We were taking bets on which were the boys and which were the girls 'til one of them stood up, and through a basic knowledge of biology we could tell.

But on a similar occasion, we came across a college crowd boating on Sanibel Island, and they were as handsome a group as anyone of us had ever seen, and they had their guitars and similar instruments out, having a grand time. And they were grand looking kids, too. The boating bug bites all kinds, and the biggest bite of all comes in August...or so it seems.

Many boaters in Florida wait until this time of year to take that boating vacation, getting the family craft into the briny for the first time since 'way last year.

Bob Brewster of Mercury Motors has some sage advice for those once-a-year skippers.

Just as a man should not plunge into strenuous physical activity all of a sudden after a long period

of sedentary living, neither is it wise to attempt a long, gruelling vacation trip first time out.

Experienced boaters take it easy on the initial cruise. They know that despite a normally thorough and careful fitting-out job on the boat and tune-up on the motor, actual operation is apt to show something that isn't just right.

It is best to make these discoveries in waters close to home, and under favorable conditions. View this vacation outing as a test run. Be alert for small things, and operate so you are master of any situation that might develop.

Here are some minor problems you might encounter:

Erratic operation of instruments due to a poor connection; loose or stiff steering and motor control systems; minor leaks in wooden hulls; sticking or leaking drain plugs; dim or inoperative navigation lights; stiff hinges or other moving hardware; or loose seats, windshields and accessories.

Nothing really serious here, just small things happen at once on that once-a-year jaunt. It is much less annoying and often safer to be near the ramp at home than 400 miles away, out in the middle of the lake or bay when some of these things could happen.

Irv Diebert is the wheeler and dealer at Bahia Mar in Fort Lauderdale, now, and they couldn't have a nicer guy calling the shots. Irv sent along a little information regarding Bahia Mar's new million dollar hotel addition, a part of the complete renovation of that famous marina. I guess we could say that Bahia Mar is probably one of the world's best known and most complete marinas, and has been in business a long, long time. The new million dollar hotel will simply be icing on the cake at the magnificent base that can harbor 300 yachts up to 130' in length.

The new facility is scheduled for opening early this fall, and if you Florida water bugs have never seen a first class marina, go to Fort Lauderdale . . . they got 'em coming out of their ears! It is little wonder Fort Lauderdale is called "The Venice of America," and the sight of the magnificent boating

(Continued on next page)



Bahia Mar's new look will be something like this in the fall. The world's most famous marina is undergoing a complete over-haul that will add many more new conveniences for the boating public.

(Continued from preceding page) facilities in that Florida east coast metropolis would make Venitians turn in their gondolas.

Got a letter from a south Florida fan who is really anxious to move into the boating world. This fella is so "het up" on boating he asks many questions and admits he knows absolutely nothing about the sport, but is anxious to learn, from basics on up. Now, this is a most commendable attitude.

One thing he was curious about is the term "porpoising" in a boat. He intimated he thought somebody was pulling his leg when they were talking about his boat "porpoising."

Porpoising, as applied to boats, simply means that a boat is moving along with its bow rising and falling rhythmically.

The term probably came into use years ago when somebody who had seen porpoises at play likened his boat's action to that of these frisky playboys of the seas.

However, don't mistake porpoising for the natural rise and fall of the bow when a boat is moving swiftly through waves of moderate size.

If the steady lifting and dropping of the bow takes place on smooth waters, you've got a genuine case of porpoising. While not particularly dangerous, it does cut down speed. As the propeller shaft changes its angle constantly, the blades never have a chance to meet the rushing water steadily and at optimum pitch.

The usual and prime cause of porpoising is that as speed increases a boat rises higher on the water, and the center of life moves farther back on the bottom. Meanwhile the center of gravity remains fixed. Eventually the bow is forced up, until it can't go any higher and then it dips down, where it is quickly pushed up again by the water pressure. Are you with me?

As a remedy, try shifting weight forward, a little at a time. Most of the time this will stop the porpoising. If this doesn't work, try experimenting with motor tilt adjustment. Stubborn cases can be caused by bottoms that have developed a permanent "hook" near the stern, or are weak and flex into a hook under the thrust of the motor when running.

If you suspect one of the latter causes, you'd best have an expert take a look at your rig.

I remember one time we were making a cruise over to Pensacola from Panama City and we had a boat that would make a porpoise green with envy. That thing was giving us a roller-coaster treatment the likes of which I never saw before. Found out when we got to Pensacola that the boat was so constructed that the transom was absolutely straight, no pitch at all, and the porpoising was impossible to eliminate. We got another boat. I won't say what kind of boat this was, but it was one of the well known jobs that seems to sell a lot. Guess people like to porpoise!

EVERYBODY'S GETTING into the act. When Ralph Nader dropped his bomb on the auto industry a few months back, he really shook up the joint. Auto safety is a big thing today, and boating safety always has been.

Fred Lifton, executive director of the Outboard Boating Club of America, stated in a recent speech that "everyone, from designer to week-end yachtsman, must share the responsibility for making pleasure boating a safer sport."

Lifton stated that boating accidents will dwindle "if the product is designed and built to rigid standards, the sport is sensibly regulated and policed and the boatman learns and practices the right procedures."

Same applies to autos, doesn't it? Lifton remarked that a good start has been made in these areas. He cited the engineering program of the Boating Industry Association as an example of manufacturers' concern with building safer products. "Standards covering an even wider array of marine products are being added to BIA's Engineering Manual each year, and existing standards are subject to continual revision to keep pace with technological advances."

The U. S. Coast Guard's most recent study of boating accidents is a fine example of the strides being made in enforcement, Lifton advised, stating the study placed new emphasis on the cause of boating accidents. Once identified, these causes can be counted.

One of the first causes of accidents, it was noted, was overloading, and this cause is now being attacked on a wide front. "Manufacturers affiliated with OBC have been placing weight and horse-power capacity plates aboard new boats for more than a decade," Lifton asserted. "Two years ago OBC enlisted the aid of marine dealers to get capacity tags on even more boats. The tags are now required by law in four states."

The Coast Guard report showed an almost exact parallel between sound enforcement programs and safety. New York and Michigan both have many more boats registered than California, yet they had 29 and 42 per cent fewer boating fatalities respectively than California. Both have extensive enforcement and education programs; California does not.

We can tip our hats to our Florida Boating Council, too. Florida is about fifth in the entire nation in number of registered pleasure craft, and we register boats only above ten horsepower, whereas other states above us register 'em all. In Florida, since the boating Safety Council was established, accidents have dropped from 8-10% each year, and property damage, which had run to over a million dollars the year before the Council went in business, has now dropped to less than \$500,000 per year.

This is a good example of sound law enforcement in Florida, and a good pat on the back is rated by the Florida Boating Council for doing a workmanlike job in a field that at best is hap-hazard as far as enforcement is concerned.

We are looking forward to the day when the Florida Boating Council is expanded to handle the ever increasing pleasure traffic on our Florida waterways. This isn't something to think about next year or the year after . . . we need more law enforcement on the waters *NOW!*

The younger set, guitars and all, are taking to the boating world in droves; and welcome aboard!

Speaking of Marinas, as we were back up the page a-piece, there is a magnificent new spread in Sarasota. Niki Ligon, the little lovely who heads that city's fine news bureau, sent me some information on fabulous Marina Mar, one of the prettiest and most convenient yacht harbors in the world. Marina Mar is not as big as Bahia Mar, but it is the last word in modern convenience for yachtsmen, and is considered at present the most complete marina on Florida's west coast. This takes in a lot of ground, 'cause I have seen some pretty fancy lay-outs in St. Petersburg, Clearwater, Tampa, et al, but this one in Sarasota can fit right in.

Marina Mar boasts dockage space for 100 boats drawing eight feet and additional dockage for craft up to 150 feet in length. It is just off the Intracoastal Waterway at Sarasota's Island Park, less than a block from downtown.

And get this, cats . . . each slip is equipped with water, telephone, electricity and individual piped aboard music. Now, really, how far uptown can you get?

Niki justifiably oozes superlatives when she talks about Marina Mar, and when you see it, you'll be looking for a dictionary with bigger adjectives, too. Establishment of fine marinas like Marina Mar helps continue Florida's surge to the top as being the boating capital of the world.

NEXT MONTH we plan to begin a series on testruns of new boats and motors that we tested at the OWAA convention at Port St. Lucie in June. We hope to give candid opinions on each boat tested and give the reader an insight on what feature of what particular boat he might prefer when he thinks about getting that new one.



AUGUST, 1966



ONE DAY a beautiful turquoise bird flew down in a group of house sparrows who were hopping around the lawn searching for bits of grain left by the doves. Field glasses confirmed my suspicions. The stranger was a parakeet.

I eased the door open to go outside and immediately the small colony was off the ground in a soft flutter of wings, accompanied by the parakeet. Several times during the day I went into the garden and located the exotic-looking visitor perched in a tree, still in company with sparrows. Efforts to coax the lost bird, for I was sure he had escaped from his owners, were unavailing. For three days he stayed on the premises, always with his new friends. Then he disappeared.

Several times after that other parakeets found their way into our garden. From low perches they surveyed the surroundings carefully, then joined a contingent of sparrows. But in each instance they too disappeared after a short time. Undoubtedly the glamorous creatures were unaccustomed to fending for themselves and so failed to adjust to their freedom, even with the help of their new companions. But why did they take up with sparrows each time? The answer seemed logical enough. They must have sensed the non-aggressiveness of these birds and so felt secure with them. And there could be another reason. The sparrow is sharp and alert. Invariably he is first of all birds to take off for safety when the occasion demands.

Later I discovered that sparrows are quick to care for orphaned baby sparrows, even from a different territory. One day two small creatures were brought to me by children who said they found them blocks away after a severe storm. I was away from home during the day and I knew these frail fledglings must have frequent feedings. Then I noticed a group of sparrows hopping around the terrace. Easing the door open, I placed the youngsters in a basket outside.

The adult sparrows flew away immediately. But they came back. Then a hen sparrow, hearing the

CONSIDER THE SPARROW

feeble cheeps of the orphans, flew to the top of the basket and peered inside. She began to cheep loudly. Finally she flew inside the basket, then out, then back in, as if trying to coax the small sparrows to follow her. Seeing her efforts fail, I stepped out and turned the basket on its side. Soon the motherly sparrow was back. In a short time she was herding her adopted children into a dense hedge.

The unpretentious sparrow may have a low popularity rating with some bird lovers, but he seems not to mind. He has good reason not to. He is a member of the weaver finch family of birds (*Ploceidae*), closely related to our native finches, grosbeaks, buntings and sparrows (*Fringillidae*), and held in high regard by most biologists. Included are such distinguished members as the cardinal, pyrrhuloxia, gold-finch, bunting and many others.

In the sparrow category alone there are twenty-four varieties. Among them are the swamp sparrow, chipping sparrow, fox sparrow, tree sparrow, English sparrow, and the Cape Sable sparrow, the only sea-side sparrow in Florida. But the English, or house sparrow, more correctly termed a weaver finch, is most familiar in all parts of the world.

This bird is of European origin and was first introduced into this country from Great Britain in 1850. At one time he was considered a pest because he destroyed large grain crops. But gradually he has changed his eating habits and now feeds largely on insects, fruit and seed.

The sparrow is smart, gregarious among his own kind, and often under-handed with other birds. Wild bird seed put out to attract beautiful wild birds is usually first seen by these active little avians. With his short, thick bill he can reduce servings of sunflower, and similar seed, to a mass of empty shells before the other birds reach the feeder, unless they are both vigilant and determined. However, the sparrow does not chase the more glamorous birds away from their territories, as has been plained.

Admittedly the English import is not impressive in appearance. His plumage is a dull, reddish-brown, with touches of dingy white, the male being distinguished from the female by a black bib over a buff chest. And this bird has no song. Only a mo-

A Big Lesson From A Small Bird

By HELEN KNAUS

notonous cheep, a harsh alarm call, and an occasional twittering which is little more than a series of small chirps.

Another reason for prejudice against the sparrow is that he is considered responsible for a feathered explosion population since these birds breed each month during the year except July, August and September. Within less than a century the original few thousand transplanted to the United States have increased to millions. Undeniably every available habitat contains all the house sparrows it can accommodate, but the same yearly reproductive rate produces no increase in total population. This is nature's balance plan whereby birds are unobtrusively eliminated by natural mortality factors and we are seldom aware of the process.

Despite his lack of prestige the sparrow is a friendly bird who likes to live around people. Except when nesting, a colony of the birds gather in communal roosts at night, usually near a house. They nest in trees, bird boxes, exposed rafters of a building, such as in garages or on porches. Sparrows, who for some reason, may leave their own company, change locations and join a new colony with no resistance from the members.

This unpretentious bird is unusually resourceful in nest-building. A large, bulky affair of grass, straw, string, paper, rags and feathers is intricately woven together. One such nest found in our attic was the size of a dinner plate. Cleverly contrived pockets lined the outer edges and served as hiding places for young birds in the event of threatening noises.

As my husband and I examined one nest we marvelled at the ingenuity and industry involved in fashioning it. How could two small birds cart such a miscellaneous assortment of material through one and one-half ventilator openings? we wondered. And then we found a baby sparrow tucked inside the pocket. The other inhabitants must have escaped through the ventilators at the first sound of my husband entering the attic. This one appeared too weak and frail to have attempted it.

Downstairs I made a soft nest of tissues in a small cage and placed the minikin bird in it. I made up a baby-bird formula of hard-boiled egg yolks, bread crumbs, pablum, wheat germ and a dribble of milk. Then I began to feed him, every hour during



Female House Sparrow

the day. The infant quickly adapted to his new way of life and grew in appetite and size. As bits of hamburger, grapes and meal worms were added to his menu he thrived.

We planned to place him outdoors as soon as he could fly, but Skipper, as we called him, became as playful and lovable as a kitten, and we kept delaying his departure, even for some time after he mastered avian ability.

His cage was equipped with bars and a tiny swing by my husband and here the fledgling spent happy hours learning to jump from bar to bar and to swing rapidly with obvious delight. His cage door was left open so that he could come out when he pleased. He was a cut-up from the first. He divebombed us from the chandelier, bummed rides on our shoulders, ran up and down our arms, landed on our heads where he yanked teasingly at strands of hair. After an absence he greeted our return with welcoming cheeps as he flew wildly around the house. He became a conversation piece, not only for us, but for everyone who saw him.

One day, as was my custom, I took Skipper to a sandy spot outside where he could have a dust bath which he loved. As he tumbled around happily a soft cheep sounded nearby. Then a female sparrow flew to a hibiscus bush back of us. Skipper was easily taken. He shook himself vigorously and in a flash was off after the siren sparrow and they disappeared up the alley. Several times after that I heard an unmistakable cheep on the terrace and when I went to the door I recognized Skipper and threw out breadcrumbs which he disposed of hastily.

We missed our feathered pet, but we knew he had made the right decision which was difficult for us to do. He belonged in his own world of birds, and despite his early experiences with us we knew he would make his own way without difficulty. He was a smart one, we reasoned. Hadn't he taught us to consider the sparrow, and to respect his place among creatures of the wild?

AUGUST, 1966



Photo By Lovett Williams

Through executive orders by Theodore Roosevelt, Florida's Pelican Island

became the first established wildlife refuge in the nation

War of the Pelicans

HALF-WAY DOWN the island-edged east coast of Florida, in shallow salty water riffled by schools of silvery fish, there is a mangrove islet that is a National Historic Landmark. It is also a little-known battleground for one of America's strangest wars.

When this 3-acre island in the Indian River was no more than a wind-scoured spit of sand, it was chosen by the handsome brown pelican (*Pelicanus occidentalis*) as his place in the sun, and through sixty bloody and precarious years, against staggering odds, he has clung stubbornly to his squatters rights and, as stubbornly, has maintained his numbers.

I came to Pelican Island first on an afternoon of dazzling sunshine in late May when thousands of water birds of many kinds were nesting and resting on the island.

We launched a motor boat—luckily one with windshield and canvas top—into the mis-named Indian River at the Sebastian Highlands Yacht Club on U. S. 1, and headed south by east across the salty lagoon which is about two miles wide at Sebastian.

It was a day of shimmering brightness; the sky was cobalt shading into delphinium overhead.

White clouds-on-clouds towered on the horizons. But wind from the nearby Atlantic Ocean slapped the slate-blue water and our boat slammed into white-capped waves crossing the inland waterway channel.

About fifteen minutes after launching, we glimpsed Pelican Island amid a confusion of other islands. The tiny grey-green islet, seen across several miles of water, seethes with life. It shimmers now white, now black; it seems even to rise a few feet and then to settle back into the river. Tattered streamers of birds fly from its mangrove mastheads; the streamers waver against the cobalt sky and scatter into soaring flakes of light and darkness. They re-form, break, and re-form.

From the entire island rose a mushroom of sound, not harsh, not shrill, not singing, either, but a constant murmuring and talk of thousands of bird voices.

Pelican Island today is not only the home of the brown pelican although he is undisputed king of the roost; it is also home and a known breeding ground for thousands of other waterbirds—the egrets, snowy egret, common egret and cattle egret; the herons, too, the great blue heron, the little blue heron, the rare black-crowned night heron and the

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Louisiana heron, and the wood ibis, the double-crested cormorant, the anhinga, and the frigate bird. Although these may not nest on the island, it is home and a loafing habitat for the white ibis, the fish crow, the black vulture, the turkey vulture, and the roseate spoonbill. And a variety of shorebirds and waterfowl, such as ducks and coots, claim the surrounding water areas.

The talking of the birds went on undisturbed as I edged through slippery sea lettuce toward the mangroves and an unforgettable sight. Egrets in bridal plumage, white tinted with a blush of orange-pink, fluttered among the interlaced mangrove branches. Blue herons poised on the highest twigs, seeming fragile and twig-like themselves. Pelicans, huge and solemn-looking, their beaks tucked in against their chests, sat on enormous grey nests. Baby birds, almost bare of plumage, lifted open mouths from scores of other nests, and young pelicans lumbered awkwardly about on the sand.

Above the mangroves, pelicans floated, skimmed, slipped sideways, or hung motionless heading into the wind. Many carried twigs in their beaks, and (Continued on next page)

By MIKE SMITH

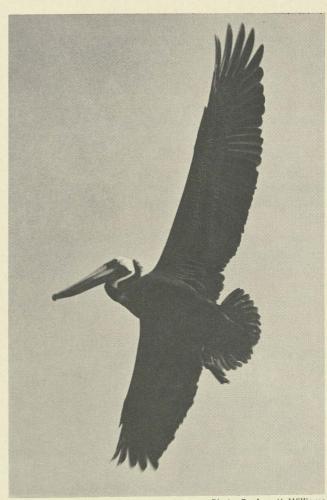


Photo By Lovett Williams

Brown Pelicans, upper left, huge and solemn-looking, with their beaks tucked against their chests, rest among the dead branches of Pelican Island's mangrove trees. An immature Brown Pelican, below, and an adult in white-necked winter plumage, pose obligingly for cameraman. Awkward and homely on the ground, the flying pelican, above, is a picture of grace and beauty.



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(Continued from preceding page) for all their seeming heaviness and the size of their webbed feet, they landed light as down among the leaves.

Viewed close up, as we saw him, the brown pelican is a handsome glossy bird. A streak of deep rust color, feathery and beautiful outlines the back of his neck. His body plumage is soft grey touched with black and white, and white encircles his eye. His wing span is six feet. Those who have seen old weather-beaten pelicans floating near docks would not recognize the brown pelican on his home island.

Although the pelican looked solemn and heavy among the delicate waders, the long-stemmed heron and ibis, on the wing over our heads, he was pure poetry, and although we saw no pelicans diving near their island, the pelican is a sharp-eyed fisher and diver without equal.

The brown pelican can spot the silvery flash of menhaden from thirty feet in the air. Straight down he plunges, streaking with half-spread wings to plop into the water with a tremendous splash. Then immediately, almost miraculously, he pops to the surface. Why? The answer lies in subcutaneous air sacs and in the fact that his bones are almost as light as air. Adult pelicans weigh no more than eight pounds.

Pelicans fly in wavering lines or in V formation. Sometimes lines of pelicans soar lazily a hundred feet up in the air; sometimes they skim the crests of waves.

An anonymous rhymster has jingled a memorable but inaccurate description of the pelican. It runs like this:

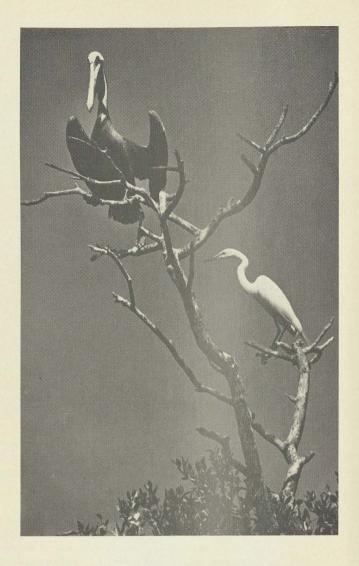
"A wonderful bird is the pelican, His bill holds more than his belican.

He stores in his beak enough food for a week, And I don't see how in helican."

Actually, the pelican's pouch is a kind of seine; it is not used for the constant storage of food. The pelican feeds its young by regurgitation of fish. It uses its pouch as a bowl from which to feed its young, and sometimes, thieving gulls and other birds.

Pelicans are the conformists among birds, no doubt about that. We saw them sitting in lines in rows of nests as alike as houses in a housing project. We saw them flying in lines. It is only when the pelican dives that he stages a magnificent personal performance.

Why did the pelican choose this three-acre triangle of land in the mis-named Indian River? This is a mystery. Along the eastern shore of the brackish lagoon near Pelican Island are half a dozen larger islands that appear better-for-birds to human eyes. Throughout all the area, including the marshy shore of the narrow barrier island that hems



the Indian River away from the rolling Atlantic Ocean, there are shallows that dance with fish and mangroves that supply a crisscrossing of branches for nests.

Although their choice puzzles naturalists, the brown pelicans made it for some pelican-understood reason that has stood the test of years. They lined up on their island when it was no more than a narrow bar of sand with no cover but wisps of wind-torn grass, and declared silently to the first yachtsmen who came sailing, or steaming, down the Indian River at the turn of the century that this land was theirs. The yachtsmen replied with rifles, and a strange war began.

The mass killing of birds, in those formative years of Florida's beginnings, was not confined to Pelican Island. Plume hunters were ravaging the rookeries of the Everglades; the "War of the Feathers" had been declared. But the peculiar tragedy of Pelican Island was that the pelicans never were hunted for plumes, or even for food. They were shot down by the hundreds—for fun!

The story of Pelican Island rightly begins about 1893 when William Dutcher, president of the American Ornithologists Union (forerunner of the National Audubon Society) learned about the birds and their island. What he learned disturbed him deeply. Wealthy tourists in sailing yachts, or new-fangled motor boats, en route to fashionable Palm Beach were stopping near the island and, solely for sport, shooting the harmless birds by the hundreds. The sandy spit of land often was stained with blood and strewn with feathers and scores of wounded birds floundered in the shallows after the passing of such boats.

But while William Dutcher pondered the plight of the pelicans, another man was acting. This man was Paul Kroegel, a pioneer remarkable for his far-seeing blue eyes, his over-sized mustache, his courage, and his love for birds.

From his home in the small settlement called "Sebastian," Kroegel could look across the Indian River to a triangle of sand near its eastern shores. He saw clouds of pelicans homing on this sand and, perhaps, he named it Pelican Island. He saw the white hulls of yachts threading a water path among the islands and heard the shots.

Appalled by the carnage left in the wake of some boats, Kroegel kept a sharp lookout for pleasure craft. At the first gleam of sail or hull, he raced for his small sailboat and set out for the island. Too often this was a losing race both for him and for the pelicans. But when he made the lee of the island ahead of the yacht, he anchored his boat between the on-coming craft and the island of the birds, and stood in his rocking boat, holding a rifle.

He was an impressive figure.

Kroegel's stature grew as the story ran up and down the river. It came to William Dutcher. And to George Nelson, wildlife photographer from the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard. Nelson came to Sebastian to talk to Kroegel; he went to the island with him, and there recorded in a series of remarkable photographs Kroegel's

Pelicans share their island with a variety of waterbirds. A Brown Pelican, above left, with an American Egret. A Louisiana Heron, below, at home with nesting pelicans.

love for these big harmless birds. The O. A. U. then scraped up enough money to employ Kroegel as a game warden.

Armed with this scant authority, drawing pay of \$15 a month but supplying his own boat, Kroegel began a one-man war to save the pelicans.

He wrote under date of "Aug. 3/95" a revealing letter to William Dutcher. It reads, in part:

"Dear Sir: I hand you herewith my final report on this season as the young birds are all able to fly and take care of themselves. . . . There were considerably more birds on the island this season than last.

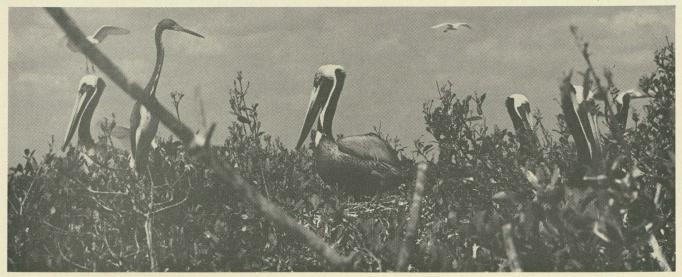
"... Of course, I have not been able to prevent all disturbance on the island, as in order to do this the warden should be in the vicinity of the island all [the] time for at least three months, during the tourist travel. These are the persons that do most of the damage.

"I went over whenever I saw a boat going in, sometimes two or three times a day. On one occasion six boats landed one after another. In most cases I was able to get across before they landed but sometimes if the wind was ahead or no wind they were ahead of me. On two occasions I got there in time to prevent the taking of young birds. I find that most of these people pay very little attention to the signs. . . . I would suggest that for another season a sign about 20 feet long be painted with simply the words 'Do not land unless Warden is with you.'

"... There was only one case of shooting on the island this season that of Mr. Mellen of the steamer Vagabondia... I was at dinner at the time and could not get across quick enough with a head wind.

"... There were no young birds killed and if any were carried off they were mighty sly about it as I was not aware of it. Most parties want to carry away a souvenir of the island and I have al-(Continued on next page)

Photos By Lovett Williams



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(Continued from preceding page)

lowed them to take the discarded eggs, and after nesting was well underway have not allowed people to walk between the nests so as to make the birds take wing. This is a favorite pastime with amateur photographers so as to get a picture with flying birds.

". . . I would be glad if the appropriation could be increased . . . yours respectfully, Paul Kroegel."

Through the efforts of Kroegel, Dutcher, Nelson, and others, the story of the pelicans and their plight came to Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States of America.

On March 14, 1903, Roosevelt signed an executive order that made wildlife conservation history. It reads:

"It is hereby ordered that Pelican Island in Indian River in section nine, township thirty-one, range thirty-nine east, State of Florida, be, and it is hereby, reserved and set apart for the use of the Department of Agriculture as a preserve and breeding ground for native birds. Theodore Roosevelt."

Thus Pelican Island became the first federal wildlife refuge in the nation, with the first game warden!

This brief executive order was amplified by another dated Jan. 26, 1909. This second order enlarged the borders of the Pelican Island Reservation to include "all unreserved mangrove and other islands situated within sections nine and ten" and stated that it was "unlawful for any person to hunt, trap, capture, wilfully disturb or kill any bird of any kind whatever, or take the eggs of such birds within the limits of this reservation."

Colorful Warden Kroegel, with his drooping mustache, his rifle and badge became a legend on the river. He now had a motor boat, and on his homesite there was a flag-pole from which Old Glory flew.

Yachtsmen threading a water path among the islands often sighted the flag and invariably saluted it with the boat's whistle. This was Warden Kroegel's signal to jump into his boat and set out for Pelican Island. The birds, thus protected, increased in numbers.

In 1919, however, the Congress of the United States, feeling the pinch of hard times, dismissed Warden Kroegel.

But the pelican clung stubbornly to the island. As the years passed, its character changed. Mangrove seeds lodged in the sand, sprouted and grew. In time the spit of dazzling white sand was covered with the twisting trees that sometimes are called "the trees that walk."

Egrets, herons and Ibis came to join the pelicans and to fish on the mud flats. The cormorant, anhinga, and frigate bird began to nest on the tiny island. Then came the fish crow, the vultures, and the roseate spoonbill.



Florida State News Bureau Photo

The nestling pelican, above, has a face only a mother pelican could love. During nesting season, at right, the white neck of the winter plumaged, adult Brown Pelican is replaced by a streak of deep rust color.

In time even a few white pelicans drifted across the river to join their handsome brown brothers. Ducks and coots began to use the surrounding water areas. And other birds came too, some to rob the three-egged pelican nests.

The passing years brought changes. Warden Kroegel died and was buried in the small cemetery in Sebastian.

Pelican Island was almost forgotten by many of the residents of Indian River County and nearby Brevard County. By 1960, they were more concerned with the "birds" soaring upward from Cape Canaveral (Cape Kennedy) fifty miles to the north.

But if the average man living in the Indian River country had forgotten Pelican Island, real estate promoters had found it!

So, in 1962, began another battle in the 70-year war of the pelicans!

In 1962, a group of land speculators who held some tracts north of Pelican Island between the Atlantic Ocean and the Indian River applied to the Indian River County Commission to re-set the bulkhead line on their properties so that they might fill in more land, perhaps 3,000 additional feet of land.

At first, there was but a ripple of apprehension in the nearby communities of Sebastian, Wabasso and Vero Beach. Where would the fill come from? What about the mud flats around Pelican Island. These were the feeding ground now for thousands upon thousands of birds.

What would happen to the pelicans if the feeding grounds were disturbed?

The ripple of apprehension became a wave.



Photo By Lovett Williams

Citizens of Vero Beach, Wabasso, and Sebastian banded themselves into the Indian River Area Preservation League. Pioneers, citrus growers, school children, club women, editors, librarians and politicians joined forces to defend the helpless birds.

The League asked the State Board of Conservation, the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, and the Federal Bureau of Sports Fisheries and Wildlife a cogent question: "What is necessary to support the bird life on the islands?"

The answers, from many official sources, boiled down to this: There must be a buffer zone, a safety area of at least 4,000 acres surrounding the breeding grounds of the birds.

A report by the Bureau of Sports Fisheries and Wildlife, Fish and Wildlife Service, of the United States Department of Interior, stated: . . . "Pelican Island's value to the bird life of the area is completely dependent upon the surrounding bay bottoms and mangrove areas that provide essential feeding and loafing habitat and alternate resting sites. The entire Indian River area forms a complex ecological unit, each part of which is essential to the well being of the other." Boundary recommendations included a body of land and water containing 4,760 acres.

Hearing these reports, the Indian River County Commission turned down the request from the real estate promoters to move the bulkhead line.

But the war was not won. It was only begun.

The promoters now turned to the State of Florida

with a request to buy the tidal and submerged lands adjoining their property.

The Florida Audubon Society rushed an emergency bulletin into print: "Re: Saving Pelican Island, First National Wildlife Refuge." It began: "Incredible as it may seem, because of threatened encroachment upon its surrounding state-owned lands and waters, famous Pelican Island is on its way to certain extinction."

And by now Pelican was famous. In 1963, it was designated a "Registered National Historic Landmark" by the United States Department of the Interior, National Park Service. Why? A bronze placque explains in these words: "This site possesses exceptional value in commemorating and illustrating the history of the United States." A bronze marker was placed on Warden Kroegel's grave at the dedication ceremonies, and George Nelson's slides and pictures were shown in the Vero Beach library.

While the State of Florida pondered its decision "to sell or not to sell," conservationists focused their attention on the tiny mangrove island where thousands of birds were nesting undisturbed by the war of words. Theodore Roosevelt's proclamation was re-read and studied.

Did the state have the right to sell this land? The answer seemed to be, "Yes." But could these lands be withdrawn from sale if such a sale endangered a federal wildlife preserve? The answer also seemed to be, "Yes."

What would the state do?

Meanwhile, real estate in the vicinity of Pelican Island was increasing in value. A quarter century of talk about a bridge to span the Sebastian Inlet through which water pours from ocean to river had become much more than talk. A magnificent bridge was being built which would carry the ocean-skirting highway A1A from Cape Canaveral southward to Vero Beach. The new highway would pass near Pelican Island. All of the area, including submerged lands, was becoming much more valuable as real estate.

Then the Board of Trustees of the Internal Improvement Fund of the State of Florida made its decision.

It said: "No sale!"

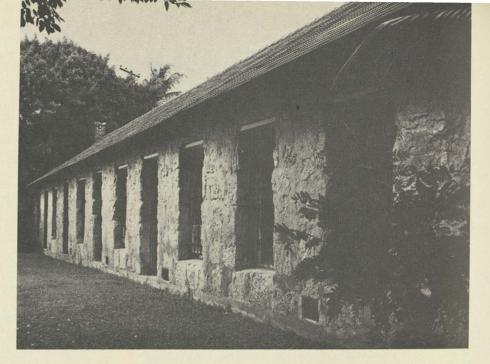
Pelican Island was saved.

The bridge spanning Sebastian Inlet opened to traffic on Feb. 27, 1965. Today the tourist, using binoculars, can see Pelican Island as I saw it on a May afternoon of dazzling sunshine, with silvery fish riffling the shallow waters, and the mangroves wearing their flowering of birds. He can view the island from south of the bridge on A1A, or he can go to the Sebastian Highlands Yacht Club, on U. S. 1, and take a boat to near the island. While he may not go ashore, he yet can enter visually into this wonderful world of water birds.

Miami's

Hallowed COW SHED

By JOHN FIX



on history. Wherever I go I make it a practice to look up things historical. I'm not timid. I've thrust my rather prominent nose into castles, slave quarters and seraglios. I've raked up mounds and middens and mastodon bones. I've trudged irreverently over near-forgotten battle fields and poked my camera into fortresses and dungeons. Some of these objects of my interest were unbelievably difficult to locate, even after boning up on their probable whereabouts beforehand. But I don't believe I was ever completely stumped until I came to Miami.

Miami, I had learned, has two historic relics: A battered lighthouse on the State-owned tip of an island in Biscayne Bay and the remnants of Old Fort Dallas, a garrisoned settlement that antedated the city of Miami by 60 years, at the mouth of the Miami River.

I had no trouble finding the Cape Florida lighthouse, a venerable pile, destined for early restoration. I turned my attention to the mainland and to Old Fort Dallas. Right away I ran into trouble. The point where the Miami River drains the waters of the Everglades into Biscayne Bay proved to be a jam-packed jumble of hotels, high-rise apartments and office buildings. But nary a fortress!

I accosted a youngster in a policeman's cap and a badge. "Officer," I said politely. "Can you direct me to Old Fort Dallas?"

He frowned. "You mean Dallas Park?"

"Well," I smiled. "It could be they put a park around it. Such a thing has happened in other cities . . ."

He cut me short. "What're you trying to be, a wise guy or something?" he snapped.

I started to protest I was trying to be nothing of the sort, that I had no such intentions. But he

wasn't listening. Three girls were passing in an open convertible. The young minion of the law followed them longingly with his eyes. Then he turned to me, the impression that I was being a wise-guy-or-something having evidently been forgotten. "What was that you wanted to know again? Where Dallas Park is?"

Useless to protest that that wasn't precisely what I had wanted to know. Indeed, he didn't give me a chance to say anything. "Go down that way for half a block," He was pointing. ". . . to the Robert Clay Hotel. Dallas Park is right in there." He turned on his heel and stalked away, possibly in search of another maiden-laden convertible on which to sate his tired young eyes.

I presumed he hadn't meant "right in" the Hotel but somewhere in its vicinity. And indeed my spirits rose when I spied, facing a large portico lettered "Robert Clay Hotel," an open area, a grassy spot surrounded by smaller and less-pretentious hotels. But the grassy spot was barren and none of the buildings nearby resembled a barracks. I began questioning folks.

"Where is Old Fort Dallas?"

The clerks at the hotels didn't know and didn't seem to care that they didn't know. A taxi driver, veteran of 17 years, had never heard of Old Fort Dallas. Neither had a negro porter, a Cuban immigrant, a comely housewife with two frisky youngsters, nor an elderly gentleman who looked and talked like a retired professor and who insisted on bending my ear on the remains of the Maya Civilization in northern Yucatan.

I escaped and questioned a news vendor. He came up with the first practical suggestion. "Whyn'tcha call the Miami Public Library (He pronounced it LIE-berry)? They got loads o' books an' things." I was tempted to ask him what sort of "things." Instead, I thanked him and went to a public phone.

The librarian of the Florida History Section to which my call was directed didn't have to consult her "books 'n things." "Old Fort Dallas? Of course its still in existence," she said cheerily.

"But, wh-where? Its not on the north bank of the Miami River at Biscayne Bay." I was consulting my notes.

"Where are you now?" She was suddenly exasperated.

"On the north bank of the Miami River at Biscayne Bay."

"Oh . . ." My answer appeared to startle her. "Oh, Dear. You're a mile off. Old Fort Dallas is up the Miami River, at Lummus Park."

It was my turn to be exasperated. "What the deuce is it doing up there?"

"They took it apart and put it back together again . . . the Daughters of the American Revolution . . . up there . . . a long time ago. That's why!" I detected a note of triumph.

Suddenly she remembered her manners, suspicious perhaps that her caller might be a snooping city commissioner. She added lamely, "Sir."

I slung the carrying strap of my Graflex over my shoulder, hailed a taxi and was soon standing before the object of my quest, the roving remnant of Old Fort Dallas, relic of Miami's beginning, only not, precisely, where it had had that beginning.

The building was long and low-lying, of native limestone. It resembled nothing so much as a glorified cow shed which, indeed, it had been at one stage of its checkered career.

I was disappointed. Certainly there could be nothing of interest here; a few transplanted stones, a bronze plaque, a flag fluttering from a pole. I was about to turn away without taking a single picture when my skin began to tingle with an old familiar sensation. It is a feeling that envelopes me in the presence of things hallowed, a sort of hypnosis, the result perhaps of an aura which emanates from weathered walls, an intangible something that whisks me out of the present and across the Years. And suddenly in the long rays of the setting sun, with the river glinting beyond the sub-tropical verdure, I beheld the plain little building as it functioned in the life of the tiny settlement known as Fort Dallas, a community hemmed in by swamps and bloodthirsty savages, fearsome beasts and the restless sea. Its nearest neighbor was Jacksonville to the north, Fort Myers to the west; with Key West a long and perilous sloop journey to the south.

The building before me had never been a part of any glorious fortification about whose walls heroic battles had been waged. Its uniformed occupants with their ineffective muskets and their slashing sabres had been content merely to keep the savages at bay. But the weathered stones I thrilled to had gazed on history in the making; the small beginning that mushroomed into the spectacular growth of the metropolis that is now Miami.

William English had owned this building which had stood on lands deeded his family by the Spanish Crown. It was part of his estate and English had used it to quarter slaves borrowed from his mother in North Carolina to help push back the jungle. The Seminole Indians were getting restless and threatening the hostilities which nearly won them the fight to keep Florida the last preserve of the Red Man. William English was frightened and offered the United States Government the use of a portion of his estate and some of its buildings as a military post, for protection against a possible Indian uprising. When the uprising occurred and flared into the long, bloody Seminole Wars, English fled to Key West. He never returned to Fort Dallas. The army, under the command of Major James Dallas for whom the post was named, occupied the English land at the mouth of the Miami River and paid a yearly rental of \$250 to William English's mother Harriet.

In 1858 the army moved out, paying Harriet English \$12,000 for damage to plants and trees, incurred when the troops tried to raise vegetables.

Harriet English finally sold the estate to William Brickle who, with Julia Tuttle, is credited with pioneering the City of Miami.

In 1871 a great fire occurred and when the smoke and flames had subsided all that was left of the English Estate and Fort Dallas was the long, low building that had been the object of my search.

Its walls were sturdy and it occupied a strategically important position. It was given a new roof and the city grew up about it. For a time it served as a schoolhouse, then as the first courthouse of Metropolitan Dade County of which Miami is a part. Later it became the first home of the Miami Woman's Club.

There were frequent abandonments. During one of these, and a low point in the career of the little building, Julia Tuttle kept her cow there.

In 1896 Fort Dallas became the City of Miami, The Magic City, and tall buildings began to close in on the blackened stone walls that had sheltered slaves, soldiers, clubwomen and Julia Tuttle's cow.

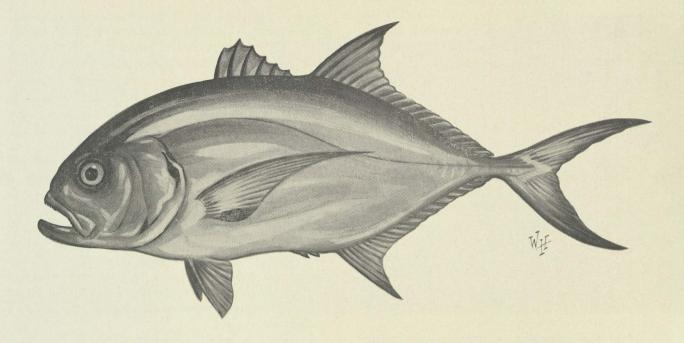
But the old pile's days at the mouth of the Miami River were numbered. And so too were each of its stones as it was dissembled piece-by-piece and lovingly put together again by the Daughters of the American Revolution for use as a meeting place in Lummus Park.

The site is an appropriate one for the ancient building, a quiet spot with a view of the river through the trees and a place to doze in the sun.

I was recalled to the present by the clicking from the shuffleboard court nearby, a sound that had startled me by its similarity to the noise of the withdrawal of the hammer of an old army musket.

I sighed, took my pictures and turned reluctantly to plunge anew into the burley-burley life of today.

AUGUST, 1966 21



Research studies of strange fish bone conditions, dating back to prehistoric times, may provide valuable archaeological clues

Peculiar Swollen Fish Bones

As VERTEBRATE paleontologist for the state of Florida, I have had many interesting animal bones cross my desk for determination. Rating as the most peculiar are a variety of fish bones that present a swollen or expanded appearance.

These bones were identified and described by many ichthyologists as "pathological fish spine bases" and were generally associated with the spade fish, Chaetodipterus faber. However they have now been found in the common jack or crevalle, Caranx hippos; the yellowtail jack, Caranx bartholomei; the haddock, Melonogrammus aeglifinnus; the angelfish, Platax pinnatus, and a lancefish, Lepidopus caudatus. These swellings or osteoderms have also been reported in one fresh water fish, the rainbow trout, Salmo gairdneri.

Fish possessing these clubbed elements are generally salt water forms occurring in the forms which inhabit the warmer seas. The ecological range of these fish is considerable. *Chaetoaipterus* is found from the New England coast to Brazil.

The bones, in which swelling takes place, may be from the skull, the fin spines, or elsewhere in the skeleton. When sectioned the bone is sometimes very compact, having almost the appearance of ivory, or may be quite spongy in texture. Some experts have listed the cause of these abnormal appearing bones as being due to exostosis. However, exostosis is an irregular growth that takes place beyond the normal bone surface.

Swollen fish bones have been commonly recovered from Pleistocene and Pliocene fossil beds and are turned up in nearly every pre-Columbian Indian mound along the Florida coast.

The bones appear to be rather uniform within a species and are associated with adult specimens. Only a study of a large series of all ages of each species in which the bones occur can answer the question as to whether these bones can be used to identify the species to which they belong. If such a study establishes the taxonomic value of these hyperostosic fish bones then they can be of considerable value to the archaeologist. Some of these "swollen bone" fishes are known to completely ignore a hook or lure and must be obtained by trapping or netting. Others are restricted as to depth of water which they inhabit. Some are shallow water, coastal forms, others are found only in deep off-shore waters.

Once identified from these isolated osteomas or hyperostosic bones, the habits of the fish may give valuable clues to help the archaeologist interpret his site in a way that no other material can.

It is now generally agreed by osteologists that

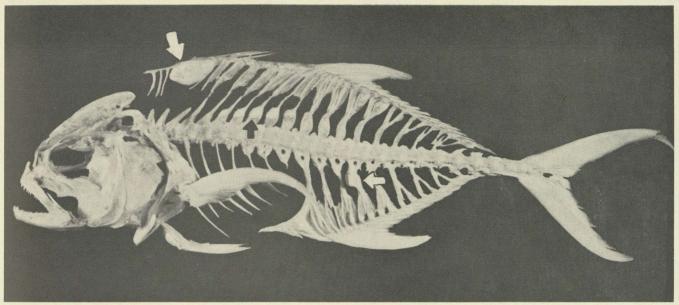


Photo By J. Burke, Woods Holes Oceanographic Institute

The common Jack Crevalle, drawing at left; and skeleton photo, above, with arrows showing hyperostosic bones.

By STANLEY J. OLSEN

Florida Board of Conservation

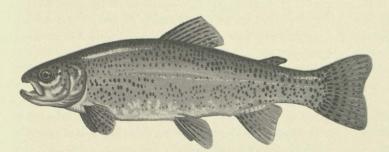
these bones are not cancerous or are they due to some other disease. However, what the function or purpose of these bones is has not been determined. A study of those fish possessing swollen bones is now underway by Dr. T. Edinger of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard University. When this monograph is completed we should know much more about these bones which have been mentioned in literature since the 1600's but whose study has largely remained neglected.



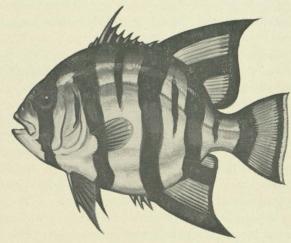
Samples of swollen fish bones taken from Florida archaeological sites.



Drawings By Wallace Hughes



The fresh water Rainbow Trout, above, and the salt water Spadefish, at right, are other species in which swellings, or osteoderms, have been located.



AUGUST, 1966 23

Hunting Conveniences

New stainless steel alloy for gun barrels now under research by steel companies and custom gunsmiths



By EDMUND McLAURIN

THERE HAVE BEEN numerous requests from shotgun owners for work steps for removal of dents from shotgun barrels. Some of these have been from shooters owning Winchester Model 59 autoloading shotguns, with barrel comprised of thin steel tubing around which 500 miles of glass fiber has been wound and bonded into a sleeve.

It isn't much of a job to remove fairly shallow dents from *steel* shotgun barrels; the difficulty arises in doing such a neat job that your home gunsmithing is not obvious. This calls for careful workmanship, perhaps high polishing and then touching a spot or two with cold chemical bluing solution such as G-66 paste or Perma-Blu liquid.

Removal of dents from one of the combination glass-steel, bonded Win-lite shotgun barrels is an entirely different matter. . . .

For work on an all-steel barrel, you will need an expanding type dent removing barrel plug, a special tool that greatly simplifies the job of removing dents from shotgun barrels. It must be of gauge size corresponding to that of your shotgun. Frank Mittermier, Inc., Bronx, New York, is source of supply.

Some dent removal plugs are of hardened steel, but the Mittermier tool is of bronze, to prevent jamming or marring of the bore. Whether of bronze or hardened steel, the surfaces of the dent removal plug should be kept polished and buffed as smooth as possible.

Job preparation calls for thorough cleaning of the shotgun barrel with fine grade (4/0) steel wool wrapped around the tip of a strong cleaning rod. After wiping out all traces of the steel wool, the interior of the barrel is lightly oiled before the dent removal plug is inserted.

Where light blow outside pounding of the dented area (in conjunction with the internal supporting plug) is called for, taps should be made with a rawhide mallet.

There is also a two-piece, wedge-action drive plug, having two tongue-and-groove sliding faces that apply dent removal pressure at the needed point in the barrel. This type, however, is suitable only for commercial gunsmiths and shooters equally qualified as machinists.

Where barrels are dented or bent out of round at muzzle—a condition frequently seen in old, thin-

walled double barrel shotguns—existing defects can often be remedied by selecting a short length of steel or brass rod that is just small enough to enter the barrel, then polishing the working end of the rod until it is smooth. Clamp the rod horizontally in a vise so that a few inches of its highly polished surface protrudes from the vise jaws. Slip the muzzle of the shotgun barrel on this extension, dent uppermost and carefully tap out the dent with rawhide mallet. It may also be necessary to smooth-face and polish and cold blue the muzzle at its very edge, if it is rough.

All too often, unthinking shooters stick a shotgun muzzle under water and fire at gar and other trash fish, or fire without knowing there is a dirt plug in muzzle end. Invariably, the result is a badly bulged or burst muzzle. Repairs to this kind of mishap call for professional gunsmithing.

Where the muzzle damage is to a pump or autoloader, the barrel can usually be cut back and a selective choke device attached to muzzle, to both restore the shotgun to usefulness and make it more versatile. Sometimes a new barrel is the only answer. This is particularly true in respect to badly damaged Model 59 Win-lite barrels. . . .

When Winchester announced the Model 59 autoloader with Win-lite barrel, I was among the few gun editors who did not climb on the publicity band-wagon. While admiring the trade achievement of bonding a thin-wall steel tube to an exterior sleeve made of 500 miles of fiber glass thread, I wondered how developing barrel dents could be removed. . . .

Significantly, the 1966 (100th Anniversary) edition of the Winchester catalog does not list the Model 59 autoloader nor indicate continued production. However, the latest Stoeger catalog lists the Model 59—probably because of an unsold lot of this particular model.

Model 59 owners tell me that Winchester's repair service is reluctant to tackle repairs to noticeably dented Win-lite barrels, and is advising purchase of a new barrel. (In this particular model autoloader, barrels can be interchanged freely, without factory fitting.) Also, requests for installation of ventilated rib on a Model 59 reportedly have been declined by the Winchester factory.

Stymid Winchester Model 59 owners, as a last

resort, can contact the firm of Ernie Simmons, Kansas City 8, Missouri, relative to unsolved shotgun barrel problems. If that highly-skilled gunsmithing firm cannot make barrel repairs, or desired ventilated rib installation, the job is hopeless, whether the shotgun is a Winchester Model 59 Win-lite or any other make and model you might name. The Simmons firm has specialized in high grade shotgun barrel work for decades.

TIMES CHANGE—and so do gun prices! Just wish you could have looked over my shoulder recently as I flipped the pages of the gun section of a Sears, Roebuck catalog, No. 117, circa 1908.

The Remington square-stern style, 5-shot autoloading shotgun, made on the original John M. Browning patent, could then be had for \$30!

The Winchester Model 1890 .22 caliber slide-action repeating rifle—one of the best .22's ever made—cost \$10.80!

The Marlin Model 1892 lever-action repeater, with 24-inch octagon barrel, in either .22 rimfire or .32 rimfire caliber, catalog listed for \$13.16. This was the Marlin rifle that eventually became the Model 39.

On another page the Winchester Model 1894, which later became the justly famous, only slightly changed Model 94, could then be had in choice of four calibers, and with octagon barrel, for either \$13.16 or \$15.53, depending on the caliber of your choice.

The long famous Winchester Model 1897 visible-loading, hammer style pump-action repeating shot-gun was only \$20. (The Model 97 was one of the most rugged and reliable shotguns ever produced; thousands are still in active service.)

Finally, the Colt single-action "Frontier" model revolver, caliber .44-40, with pearl handle and steer head carving on the right half, was \$22.50!

How come there wasn't a fervid gun buyer in my family then? . . .

Current gun prices are generally high; in some instances long popular models are being priced right out of average consumer reach—the little changed Winchester Model 94 lever-action big game rifle, for example, and certain of the Browning shotguns and rifles. The last time I ventured such observation, some retail dealers jumped on my neck, claiming that I was suggesting that they sell at discount and loss. Not so! Fact of the matter, factories are charging dealer outlets high wholesale prices, with very little profit mark-up for the dealer who has to tie-up money until purchases are sold. Some factories make small dealers wait and wait for ordered merchandise, while some nationally known big retail outlets advertise immediate shipment. This doesn't seem fair, in my



A shotgun barrel badly damaged at the muzzle can often be salvaged by cutting it back and attaching a selective choke device, if the weapon is a pump or an autoloader.

opinion. In most cases, it is the small, local gun store that does the real selling—and usually with the smallest margin of profit.

As I see it, where prices of some gun models are obviously too high a uniform adjustment should be made at factory level, so that any lowered list price would not be at the expense of the small retail dealer, whose present margin of profit is already small.

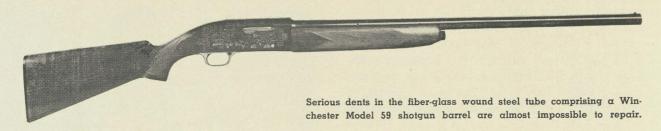
STAINLESS STEEL of certified quality that can economically be made into high grade rifle barrels (discussed in the May 1966 issue of Florida Wildliff) is now the goal of research departments of several big steel companies, working in collaboration with nationally known custom gunsmiths and test shooters. Jones & Laughlin Steel Company is one of the latest to announce and market a new grade of stainless steel especially made for rifle barrels.

Known as the J & L No. 416-SM grade, the new stainless alloy offers better machinability, with desirably closer obtainable tolerances in barrel making, chambering and rifling, plus improved finished barrel appearance.

Dave Walker, holder of four world shooting records as a bench rest shooter, has been doing much of the research on the performance of finished product. His firm, the Walker Machine Tool Company, Louisville, Kentucky, is now turning out rifles for Olympic and national bench rest competition, with barrels made from the new J & L No. 416-SM grade stainless steel.

Both Winchester and Remington already use stainless steel for barrels of some of the center fire Magnum models. However, they won't (at least, at this writing) fit and headspace a stainless steel barrel to one of their standard models or as a replacement barrel for an already owned rifle—even though you offer to pay extra for the installation. Technically, high quality stainless steel is still too expensive to produce with the uniform molecular

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structure required for barrel making, and too costly to machine, to presently be adopted by the firearms manufacturers as standard material for their models.

Best bet, if you want a stainless steel barrel, is to have a nationally known custom gunsmith, specializing in stainless steel barrel work, make and fit a barrel to your favorite action. There are a number of such craftsmen. Specifically, gunsmith O. P. Ackley and Snapp's Gun Shop were mentioned by name and address in the May 1966 issue of Florida Wildliff, but there are others who do good barrel work. With established reputations to maintain they invariably, like Walker Machine Tool Company, guarantee their work and barrel accuracy.

THE USE OF walkie-talkies is obviously enjoying growing popularity with hunters. Although readily admitting that the portable communicators can be a great convenience under certain field conditions, I have—so far—refrained from adopting them.

It has been my experience that walkie-talkies can be mighty handy on, say, a bear hunt where frequent, easy contact with companions can influence hunting success, but that the communicators are of little value to a duo of deer hunters hunting alone, on stands not far apart, and without dogs. Always, it seems, one or the other walkie-talkie operator is either not listening for a "come in," or else an already turned-on, tuned-in receiver blasts a companion's reporting voice at the very moment hunting silence may be most desired. A direct earphone is an improvement, but, even so, walkie-talkie intercommunication can be diverting, and successful deer hunting demands uninterrupted concentration.

I don't object to walkie-talkies in a sizeable hunting party of which I am part; they can be very helpful in advising or reassembling groups at agreed-upon contact hours. I just don't want to be one of the operators. . . .

Within hearing distance, a shrill whistle is a good means of communication. Field observations indicate that most game is not as alarmed by a whistle as by the human voice.

One of the best and lightest pocket whistles to be had is cataloged by Bill Boatman Company, Bainbridge, Ohio. Known as "the one mile whistle," it is pitched to pierce distance and get results!

The sound produced is something in pitch between a whistle and a horn sound, easily heard by man or dog. In fact, blowing this particular whistle close to another person's ears is not recommended. . . .

Another valuable hunting accessory is a pair of soft, but tough gloves. They protect the hands innumerable ways, and contribute to comfort on cold mornings. The best hunting gloves I've found are models in the Good Luck Glove Company's (Carbondale, Illinois) "Blue Ribbon" line—either the Model No. 683 red pigskin leather, "waffle" cloth lined gloves, or the Model 1550 wool, leather palm and finger-faced gloves available in choice of hunter red or forest green. Boatman's catalog lists both Good Luck brand glove models, but under his own stock numbers.

It used to be that I was always dropping or leaving a glove somwehere. That annoyance was overcome by crimping a small eyelet in the cuff of each glove, and sewing a shower curtain hook inside my hunting coat to accept the gloves. Now, when I remove my hunting gloves they are slipped on the provided hanger; they are there when needed again.

The shower curtain hook should be sewn at a point in the hunting coat that permits the unworn gloves to hang just under armpit, where they neither will be felt nor in the way. . . .

Now is the time to add the little accessories that can add so much to hunting season pleasure.

INCIDENTALLY, the Winchester-Western Division of Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation has just announced availability of a 620-page tome titled "Exterior Ballistics of Small Arms Projectiles," by E. D. Lowry, long-time Winchester-Western ballistician.

Using the included reference summaries, the shooter can determine in a matter of seconds the ballistic coefficients, muzzle velocities and trajectories of popular calibers. The book also gives a mathematical formula for computing trajectory characteristics of *any* small arms projectile.

There is only one "catch" to the offering, so far as the average shooter is concerned: The book carries a price tag of \$50 per copy. (That's right! Fifty dollars!) I am technically-minded and often study ballistic tables until I almost know them by heart, but I don't think I'll have the privilege of owning the named reference text.

26 FLORIDA WILDLIFE

Tackle Methods

FISHING



The fly fishing perfectionist can change from one type of angling to another without too much trouble

By CHARLES WATERMAN

THIS ROY BERRY HAD a Winston flyrod clutched in both hands and he looked as if he needed sleep. He had another Winston in his car and he had a little Payne in there too. His reels were Hardys and I didn't know it when I first saw him but his leaders were tapered almost to microscopic perfection and his fly lines had received careful applications of lanolin and whatever else makes an expensive fly line happy.

For dolts who don't know about Winstons and Paynes I report that they are some of the last of the real "name" bamboo rods, are built slowly by hand, cost more than a C note each and are seldom used by worm fishermen seeking catfish. The thought of using one to drag a snarling salt water snook out of a tangle of mangrove roots still gives me the prickly shivers.

Berry, a bass fisherman from Kentucky, had phoned and written me that he wanted to do snook and tarpon fishing in the Everglades and Fort Pierce country and it was a coincidence I ran into him at Everglades shortly after he arrived following a non-stop auto run from his home. It seems he had only a very few days to fish and he didn't want to waste either the days or the nights in between them.



Roy Berry, with Winston rod and jack crevalle, did everything just the way it's supposed to be done!

He had sent me a neatly tied streamer fly for approval and when I wrote to him that it was just the thing he'd need for snook he tied up twelve dozen, just in case he lost a couple.

I didn't know whether to put him down as a fisherman or just a nice tackle nut but I figured the chances of his landing a good-sized fish (fishing being mediocre) weren't too good as a mangrove snook is considerably removed from a Henderson, Kentucky bass and anybody who keeps polishing a Winston rod with a towel is not likely to latch on with both hands and dig in his heels when a snook makes a break-off run.

But since he was there and I had a boat in the water I thought it would be nice to go fishing with him so we got in and headed for Ferguson River five miles away. We were bouncing right along and I sit right next to the motor so any conversation had to be carried on at a scream, what with the wind and all. By the time we got to the mouth of Ferguson River I was hoarse from telling Roy what to do if he hooked a snook. I yelled so loudly that every mullet fisherman in Chokoloskee Bay knows what to do if he hooks a snook. Of course I never do those things myself, being one of the velling and yanking school of fishermen when the chips are down and the thought that a snook tenderfoot from Kentucky would do anything other than run in circles and shout never occurred to me.

With Roy apologizing for his casting and his inexperience I stopped the motor in a narrow part of the river near where I'd found fish the day before and started drifting back downstream. He stood tensely on the little casting platform up front and flipped his streamers unnecessarily far back through little holes in the bushes. After 20 or 30 casts I concluded that it wasn't luck and he really was a hotshot caster though he apologized for each throw. Then the river narrowed down and something swirled away with one of the pretty little streamers while I gazed in agony at the vibrating Winston.

What Roy Berry had was a 5-pound jack crevalle, a rude test indeed for a guy fly fishing a mangrove creek for the first time. The jack went around and around the boat with Roy holding him out of bushes and logs and asking me what to do next. He never

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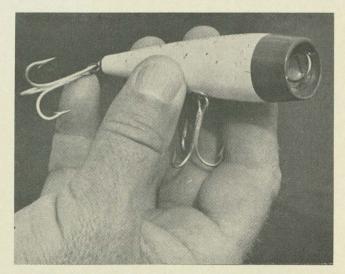
kinked the Winston too much and when we netted the jack he asked if that was good and looked as if he were being kidded when I told him what a wonderful catch it was under those circumstances.

Then he stuffed one of his streamers through another hole in the bushes and somehow managed to land an 8-pound snook, the biggest fish of the trip, even though it did the whole routine of scratching for brush, shaking its head and gouging for underwater logs. Everything was an anti-climax after that but he kept right on catching fish, never broke a leader and landed everything by the book to the tune of constant apology for his awkwardness. He DID agree to get a glass rod for his next trip into the brush.

I think he had a little nap the third night away from Kentucky and I hear he caught some tarpon in a canal at Fort Pierce. He is, of course, a really fine angler.

The point is that a perfectionist could move from punkinseed sunfish to blue marlin with little trouble. Berry, who doesn't have much contact with serious fly fishermen where he lives, has simply learned to do a beautiful job of fishing by reading, practicing and asking questions. I am not kidding when I say that his approach to the fish in that narrow creek was very highly skilled. He did all of the things I know I should do but wouldn't have done in his shoes and his attention to tackle detail embarrasses me when I recall how I broke off a big black bass a few days after he went back to Kentucky, simply because I hadn't checked a sloppy knot. So let's change the subject.

THE "Chuggit," a popping plug manufactured in South Florida, is of special interest to me for several reasons. First, it is of rugged construction with a piece of heavy wire holding the hooks to the leader



The "Chuggit" plug isn't exactly a new idea, but it pops loudly with gentle jerks, and is equipped with husky hook arrangements for the bigger fish.

loop and this is essential for casters who are after very large salt water species.

Secondly, it is made of wood and is of moderate price (around a dollar).

Thirdly, and most important, it can be popped pretty loudly with very light tugs which makes it possible for spin fishermen who use soft-tipped rods to get some real blasts without yanking themselves out of the boat. It weighs 2/3-ounce in the smaller of two sizes—a weight suitable for either plug rod or fairly light spinning outfit.

This lure is manufactured by Fisherman's Factory, 4615 LeJeune Road, Coral Gables but they're not really in the mail order business. If a dealer or fishing club wants to buy some in moderate quantity it could be worked out, I think.

Incidentally some of the big manufacturers are again building wooden plugs, finding them better than plastic for certain uses.

I wrote something about gar fishing a while back and I have an interesting letter from Jack H. Meeks, Longview, Texas, describing a method of gar fishing that should work well for casters and trollers.

Mr. Meeks displays a piece of frayed-out nylon rope. The gar chomps down on the moving piece of rope (a knot or two will give it casting weight if needed) and can't disentangle his small, sharp teeth. Mr. Meeks mentions he figures I'd get a number of letters about gar fishing methods but it didn't pan out that way. With all the talk about gars I'm surprised I haven't heard more fishing schemes.

A BLUEGILL that weighs a pound is a heck of a big fish. There's a picture of a 1-pound bluegill with this month's dissertation—not because it's a record but simply because most people who talk about "a mess of bream that ran a pound apiece" haven't used the scales on them and I think you should look carefully at a bluegill that weighed exactly one pound. Jim Henely, the guy holding it, caught it on a big plug.

I weighed a lot of bluegills once and couldn't get one to scale a pound although several made 12 ounces. Florida doesn't raise the largest bluegills and Field & Stream lists one that came from Alabama and weighed four pounds and 12 ounces. That would scare me and probably break my line too.

Neil Allinger, a neighbor of mine in Central Florida, is an especially effective bluegill fisherman, using a popping bug and a trailing wet fly. He and Mrs. Allinger brought in 20 one day last spring and they had a total weight of 22 pounds. I'd call that a very outstanding catch.

Neil says he caught these fish as they were preparing to spawn, all in the same bedding area, and that they were male fish. He hasn't been able to come near that size since. I know I never did that well.



Jim Henely holds α bluegill that weighs exactly one pound. Quite α few were weighed before one made it.

FISH AND GAME violators, litterbugs and people who simply take no interest in wildlife conservation come up with fantastic excuses, often couched in such appealing language that they sound reasonable until you start to analyze them.

I have fished, camped and hunted with some characters who would leap to a stump and proclaim righteous conservationism at the slightest provocation and then in the next half hour smugly relate a smooth violation of their own.

A double standard is mighty common in the conservation field as evinced by the president of a sportsman's club who actually threw a beer can out of my car window while condemning litterbugs.

Here are some statements I've heard on the subject and they are so directly opposed in reasoning that I think they're funny. Maybe you will too. Some sensible views are included for emphasis of the really wild ideas.

"I figure I have a right to kill a few gators now and then whether it's against the law or not. Hell, I've been here since before there was a law about gators."

(So it would be all right for me to rob a bank as long as I choose one that opened only recently.)

"I'm a strong believer in conservation and I think we should do all we can to save our deer population. Some of us kill deer for meat the year around and I think they should keep an eye on those guys who just hunt for fun during the open season."

(What was that again?)

"I never would kill a deer out of season myself if it wasn't for those guys from Miami. They're always bragging about how many deer they've killed. What would you expect me to do?"

(Quit poaching, go home and keep your big mouth shut.)

"There ought to be a law against putting back fish when there are thousands of starving people in the world."

(Okay, Buddy, here's the fish. Take it to somebody that's starving before it spoils.)

"It's the trophy hunters who ruin fishing and hunting. All they want is the very biggest, finest specimens and that's where we get our best breeding stock."

(Now, let's hear the other side.)

"Trophy hunters do no damage to game or fish populations. The big specimens they take are past their prime and have only a short while to live anyway."

(True of some species at least.)

"I figure it doesn't hurt to kill more than a limit of quail in places where they're plentiful. If I don't, the people who live near them will get them all."

(No comment.)

"Taking big bass ruins fishing by destroying our brood stock."

"Putting back fish is bad because then they're too smart to bite."

"Taking small bass ruins fishing by preventing them from growing to good keeper size."

"It is better to sell bass than just waste them by putting them back."

"Back in the days before all these people came to Florida we had all the fish and game we wanted so I figure those who were here first are entitled to what's left."

(That's funny, Mac. You don't look like an Indian to me.)

A CHARTER BOAT captain fishing off the West Coast tells me that on a calm day recently he saw a light seaplane circling the spot where he had the king-fish located.

Sure enough the plane landed gently on the calm sea and it's occupant brought forth a trolling rod and taxied around until he'd taken three kingfish aboard, whereupon he waved at the other fishermen and took off.

It probably violated some law but it was interesting.

TROLLING FISHERMAN went around and around a channel marker in a Florida river.

Another angler watched the circular maneuver for a long while and then motored over to see what was wrong.

"I don't know what's the matter," the merry-goround boatman said. "I haven't had a strike and I've been doing this for three hours. They told me at the tackle shop to fish around Marker 17 and that's what I'm doing."

AUGUST, 1966 29

Florida's

Fish Management Areas



19-20-21

11

22

23

37-38

42-43

55-56

57

58-59-60

39-40-41

44-45-46-47

48-49-50-51

Numbers on the map indicate counties in which Fish Management Areas are located. Copies of regulations applying to each Area can be obtained from the Tallahassee and Regional Offices, listed on page 3, and at the offices of the County Judges.

> Fish Management Areas 13 through 16 are in the Camp Blanding Area.

Fish Management Areas 24 through 30 are known as the Chain of Lakes, in Lake County.

- 1. Bear Lake
- 2. Karick Lake
- 3. Juniper Bay Lake
- 4. Campbell Lake
- 5. Merritt's Mill Pond
- 6. Lake Talquin
- 7. Cypress Lake
- 8. Lake Francis
- 9. Blue Creek
- 10. Koon Lake
- 11. Governor Hill Lake
- 12. Watertown Lake
- 13. Magnolia Lake
- 14. Lowery Lake
- 15. Blue Pond
- 16. Perch Pond
- 17. Guano River
- 18. George's Lake
- 19. Lake Lochloosa
- 20. Orange Lake

agement Area.

- 21. Newnan's Lake
- 22. Lake Eaton

- 26. Lake Higwatha
- 27. Lake Minneola
- 28. Lake Wilson
- 29. Lake Susan
- 30. Cherry Lake
- 32. Lake Dias
- 33. Lake Beresford

- 36. Lake Underhill
- 38. Lake Moon
- 39. Lake Maggoire
- 40. Lake Tarpon

A fishing license is required of all residents, except those under

15 years of age and 65 years and over, and all non-residents 15

years of age and over, to fish by any method on a Fish Man-

- 23. Lake Panasoffkee 24. Lake Louise
- 25. Lake Minnehaha

- 31. Lake Griffin

- 34. Lake Lorna Doone
- 35. Lake Lawne
- 37. Lake Jessamine

- 41. Lake Seminole 42. Lake Thonotosassa 43. Pleasant Grove 44. V.C. Christina 45. Lake Julianna 46. Lake Mattie 47. Starr Lake 48. Lake Parker 49. Saddle Creek 50. Lake Crago 51. Lake Cooper
- 54. Blue Cypress

academillo cosco

VOLUSIA

DRANGE

HIGHI ANDS

GLADES

HENDRY

DSCEOLA

INDIAN RIVER

MARTIN

BROWARD 4

OKEECHOBES

LAKE

HERNANDO

PASCO

HILLSBOROUGH

MANATEE

SARASOTA

7 CHARLOTTE

32-33

34-35-36

52-53

54

61

62

63-

64-65

- 55. Red Beach Lake
- 56. Lake Francis
- 57. Marl Pits 1, 2 and 3
- 58. Canal L-1
- 59. Canal L-2
- 60. Canal L-3
- 61. Lake Mangonia 62. Tigertail Lake
- 63. Canal L-31
- 64. Canal L-32
- 65. Tamiami Canal
- 52. Fox Lake
- 53. South Lake

Line-tugging action is par for the course if you tangle with Florida's famous, fighting snook in the green waters of the Everglades.

Jigger Fishing



For 50 years or so, Florida fishermen have been using a method that goes by a whole list of strange names but is most often called "jigger bobbing."

At intervals the method is rediscovered and introduced to a new generation as a revolutionary sure route to a fish dinner.

It works like this:

The fisherman gets a long, strong pole, preferably a calcutta, and ties a few inches of heavy cord or nylon leader material to the business end. The "lure" goes on next and there's some disagreement about it, some experts swearing by a carefully cut out

AMERICA THE UGLY

By BRENT RENFROW

Oh pitiful for smoggy skies
For jungles made of stone.
For blazing mountains tragedies,
Where bubbling brooks did roam.
America! America!
We shed our trash on thee,
And now regret the mess we made,
From sea to shining sea.

How terrible the picnic trash,

The beer cans by the road.

The sewage pipes that feed the streams,

Their deadly, smelly load.

America! America!

With lakes of glistening foam

And airplanes spraying poisons on,

The dear land we call home.

The above parody composed by Brent Renfrow, a Boy Scout from Moorestown, New Jersey.

The above, reprinted by popular request during the "appropriate" summer vacation season, first appeared in the March 1966 issue, as part of the National Wildlife Federation's 1966 National Wildlife Week theme, "The Beauty of America."

leather alligator, others employing huge "flies" of deer hair, some using a cut strip of fish with the fins left on and a few being secretive about the whole thing. The only point of agreement is that there should be a hook.

Along in spring when the weather gets warm and big black bass are showing up in the lily bonnet strands and around the cypress knees, the "jigger bobbers" go forth with easily paddled skiffs, working in pairs.

One man paddles the boat and the other sits in the bow and keeps the lure in constant motion on the surface through vigorous manipulation of the pole. He keeps up a continuous swishing and plopping because part of the game is to keep the water surface constantly broken so the fish can't see two men approaching with evil intent. Night is generally the best time.

When a bass strikes (and some of the blasts are nerve-shattering) the jigger bobber brings him in hand over hand, passing the pole back toward his companion.

Now the system may be called something else in other states but the Florida boys believe nobody else uses it for nasty-tempered salt water fish as well as black bass.

Of late some Florida jigger bobbers have moved into the South Florida mangrove swamps with their poles and lures and have done battle with snook, linesided fish with a delinquent look about the eyes and razor-sharp gill covers that will slice an ordinary line but, except for the use of monel wire instead of ordinary cord, the snook jigger bobbers employ the same methods they've been using on bass for these many years.

Now a snook is likely to weigh on up toward 30 pounds which definitely takes jigger bobbing out of the play pen set and there is always the possibility you might run into a 150-pound tarpon or even a goodness-knows-how-big shark.

But it's a good way to catch bass.

CONSERVATION SCENE

(Continued from page 4)

it to be most effective, we are enlisting the assistance of the Florida Historical Society."

Goza said that local historical societies and county historical commissions will be asked to



recommend suitable sites to the state Society.

Named to the committee charged with approving the sites are Goza, a Clearwater attorney; Judge James R. Knott of Palm Beach, past president of the Society; and Dr. Samuel Proctor of Gainesville, editor of the Florida Historical Quarterly and a member of the University of Florida faculty.

The standard marker costs \$152.50, Miller said. They are made of cast aluminum, covered with green enamel with raised gold letters. The markers will be erected by Park Board personnel.

Golden Eagle Directory

A COMPLETE list of Federal recreation areas where Operation Golden Eagle entrance permits are valid for admission has been published by Federal agencies and is now available for general distribution.

The Bureau of Outdoor Recreation produced a 16-page tabloid publication listing the areas in cooperation with the Forest Service, National Park Service, Bureau of Reclamation, Bureau of Land Management, Tennessee Valley Authority, and the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers.

The publication lists Federal recreation areas alphabetically by States. Shown with each agency's designated list of areas are the period of fee collection, whether the annual \$7 Golden Passport and one-day permits are valid for entry, and the cost of 30-day permits where applicable.

The \$7 Golden Passport permit is valid for entry to most recreation areas on a year-round basis. It will admit a carload of people an unlimited number of times to thousands of Federal areas. The 1966 Golden Passport is valid through March 31, 1967. All funds from sale of the \$7 permits are earmarked to provide additional State and Federal outdoor recreation opportunities.

Individuals wishing copies of the "Directory of Federal Recreation areas Requiring Entrance and User Charges" may obtain them free from the Federal agencies which sell the \$7 permits, from American Automobile Association offices, from many States, numerous conservation organizations, or from Operation Golden Eagle, P. O. Box 7763, Washington, D.C. 20044.

Underwater Camera Bugs

Camera enthusiasts are now joining the ranks of fish watchers and other underwater hobbyists in their invasion of Neptune's realm. With inexpensive underwater cameras now readily available, any photo bug can go underwater and make good shots of aquatic life.

Underwater photography is not only for sport. Photographs of fishes and other kinds of aquatic creatures are sorely needed for scientific study. There is so little known about life in the water that any observation may be a useful find, particularly if backed up by a photo.

The facts and photos are wanted by the American Littoral Society, an organization of amateur and professional naturalists and conservationists concerned with aquatic life. The Society publishes illustrated reports by fish watchers in its publication, founded in 1962, "The Aquatic Reporter and Underwater Naturalist."

Editor Roland Woolson says, "This is what we want to find out and then publish—how are fishes and aquatic animals living their private lives in their own neighborhoods? We are looking for candid shots of fishes and other marine animals going about their daily routines in a perfectly normal way, unaware that they are on 'candid camera'."

Mr. Woolson pointed out that although many of the country's top photographers are Society members, some of the best photos published are the work of amateurs. "Any photograph has value," he said, "if it shows a

marine animal doing something—feeding, spawning, defending its nest, or engaging in courtship behavior."

"It doesn't necessarily take professional skill and an expensive camera," Mr. Woolson said, "but it does take the qualities that any good camera bug needs to make a good action shot: patience, an ability to observe, and the knack of being in the right place at the right time. And who knows—the snoop with a camera may find a 'scoop' for science!"

The Society is setting up special programs for its photographer members and is preparing a special booklet with tips for underwater nature photographers. Interested shutter bugs are asked to contact the American Littoral Society, Sandy Hook Marine Laboratory, Highlands, N.J.

You and Your Lawmakers

To Most sportsmen, the great outdoors has very little to do with what goes on in the dark halls of the state legislature and this, says the Shooting Sports Association, is one reason why the future of outdoor recreation is slowly being eroded away in every state in the Nation.

More often than not, this disinterest in legislative affairs is not because the sportsman is apathetic, but because he simply doesn't know how to take an active part in the lawmaking process or, in some cases, how to write a convincing letter to his Congressman.

To give the sportsman a hand, the Association has recently published an attractive 24-page booklet which explains the ins and outs of the legislative process and describes the many ways a citizen can help his lawmakers. Titled "You and Your Lawmaker," single copies are available free by writing the Association, 1075 Post Road, Riverside, Conn. 06878.

Although the booklet is primarily concerned with firearms



Water Conservation

A TWO-COLOR VISUAL aid depicting conservation and full utilization of water resources has been produced for public distribution by the Bureau of Reclamation, the Department of the Interior announced.

The montage drawing—on an 11½ x 17-inch sheet—was printed because of increasing requests

for information about water conservation and the functions of the Bureau of Reclamation—one of the principal water agencies of the Department of the Interior.

A reduced facsimile of the drawing in black and white is shown. Two-color copies may be obtained by writing: Bureau of Reclamation, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C. 20240.

legislation, it is general enough to apply to any kind of legislative problem.

It then traces a bill through the various steps of the legislative process and details what a citizen can do at each step along the way to help mold its eventual outcome.

As the letter is probably the sportsman's most effective weapon, another chapter is devoted to a discussion of how to write the kind of letter that can really help a legislator in making a decision on a bill.

The booklet also contains chapters on local governments, why its important to join an organized sportsmen's group and how sportsmen can help their legislators gain a better understanding of the problems facing outdoor recreation. Another chapter gives some valuable hints on dealing with the press, including the procedure for obtaining time on radio and television.

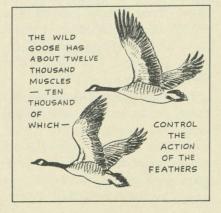
For sportsmen's groups interested in ordering large quantities of the booklet, the bulk rate is ten cents per copy.

New Wildlife Sanctuary

EVERYONE KNOWS that the Los Angeles Dodgers' first interest is baseball, otherwise they would not be such strong contenders for the highest place in the baseball

(Continued on next page)

Nature Notes



(Continued from preceding page) empire. Their concern, also, for the beauty of Florida as represented by the natural resources of the State is evidenced by the establishment of their 120 acres of training ground at Vero Beach as a wildlife sanctuary. There has just been consummated with the Florida Audubon Society and its Pelican Island Chapter a cooperative agreement to this effect. Already 150 posted signs are being erected along the property boundaries, and rustic signs will soon be built and placed, with the caption:

Dodgertown Wildlife Sanctuary
In Cooperation With
Florida Audubon Society
Pelican Island Audubon Society

The wildlife sanctuary idea was proposed by Mr. and Mrs. Walter O'Malley, Dodger owners, and was fostered by Thomas T. Coxon of Vero Beach. Mr. Coxon was a charter member of the Pelican Island Chapter, and is presently its conservation chairman. For many years, he has been a member of the Board of Directors of the State Society. This project is part of Mr.

Coxon's continuing activity in conservation affairs, which earned for him in 1964 the Annual Award of Merit of the Florida Audubon Society for conservation accomplishment.

Mr. Richard Bird, Managing Director of Dodgertown, will have direct responsibility for overseeing the sanctuary. He has been appointed honorary ranger by the Audubon Society and the Pelican Island members are standing ready to lend their services in the areas of development and patrol.

TREE FARMS

(Continued from page 5) own fire protection systems and paying for them, as a supplement to Federal and state efforts.

Out of this white-heat of evangelism and acrimony which centered around forest fires, bad markets, poor forest management and increasing tax delinquency, came a whole new concept. It was not the brain-child of Government bureaucracy, but was sponsored by an industry that was having chills and fevers.

In 1941 the Tree Farm idea was launched. It was based on the theory that the regenerative powers of nature would regrow new forests if given supporting help by way of fire protection, and intensified management. It was a big order and to accomplish this dream were needed the proper administrative directives, money to build fire trails and fire towers, to clean up slash and rampikes: it meant the professional application of the best forestry techniques, experimentation block cutting and other types of sustained yield, and increased planting or broadcast seeding.

Hence, in essence, was an entire reversal of old, intrenched practices which seemed impossible to change where many had become a curse to the industry. It was a challenge which caught the fancy of the office manager to

the man in the caulked boots. However, it took some time and doing to sell it.

The first Tree Farm of 120,000 acres was dedicated in Grays Harbour County, Washington by the Weyerhaeuser Company in 1941. With this modest start forest industry has progressed more in the last twenty-five years than in the entire history of the Nation. Gradually Tree Farming has spread its roots to send new life into the American economy. Tree Farming plays a major role in maintaining a permanent floor under an industrial complex that employs nearly 1.5 million persons with an annual payroll of more than \$7 billion. It has the firm endorsement of the Federal bureaus and all state foresters. It has emphasized the need for more professional foresters and managers.

From one experimental Tree Farm in 1941, the idea has now spread to the 48 states. There are 30,000 Tree Farms totaling 67,020,727 acres; an area equal to the New England States plus Delaware, Maryland, New Jersey and West Virginia.

The term Tree Farm was decided on because it was something that people not directly involved in timber management could understand. As the program took shape, emphasis was placed on including small owner-

ships; it was not to be the exclusive province of big corporations with vast holdings.

Including land owners with modest acreages has developed an understanding of forest-land management that would not otherwise have been obtained. It has gradually taken away the onus of resource destruction and placed the timber business on a firm foundation of better understanding with the public.

In the beginning there was much skepticism regarding its validity, that it was a publicity stunt aimed at soothing the emotions of indignant conservationists. Old die-hards voiced the suspicion that the purpose was to forestall Federal regulations which they had set as their goal.

It has proven to be a longrange program keyed into our survival as a Nation. Most of the tree farm acres furnish free recreational opportunities of various kinds from hunting and fishing to berry picking.

Recently the Tree Farm idea under the auspices of the American Forest Products Industries, Inc. celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. Tree Farms have come of age in the past quarter century. The program now takes its place in history as one of the most progressive ideas of resource management of the twentieth century.



ELIGIBILITY REQUIREMENTS
SPECIES

LARGEMOUTH BASS

SHELLCRACKER

CHAIN PICKEREL

4 pounds or larger

BLUEGILL (BREAM)

......2 pounds or larger

......1 pound or larger

All fish must be taken from the fresh waters of the state of Florida, as defined by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. Fish must be caught on conventional fishing tackle, with artificial or live bait, in the presence of at least one witness.

The catch must be weighed and recorded at a fishing camp or tackle store within the state by the owner, manager, or an authorized agent of the respective establishment.

FLORIDA WILDLIFE'S FISHING CITATION

is available without charge, to any and all subscribers to Florida Wildlife Magazine, and their immediate families, who catch any of the fresh-water game fish of the prescribed species and size requirements. Citation, showing recorded date of the catch, will be mailed to the applicant upon receipt of the following application form that has been properly filled out and signed.

Only fishing citation applications received within 90 days from date of catch will be honored.

APPLICATION FOR	FLORIDA WILDLIF	E FISHING C	ITATION
The Editor, FLORIDA WILDLI Game & Fresh Water Fish Com			
Please send me the Flor listed below:	ida Wildlife Fishing	Citation with	the inscribed data
Name (please print)			
Address	City_		State
Species	Weight	Le	ngth
Type of Tackle			
Bait or Lure Used			
Where Caught		in	County
Date Caught	Catch Witnessed	Ву	
Registered, Weighed By		At	
	The Market State of the State o		

CUT OUT AND SAVE THIS APPLICATION BLANK

(Signature of Applicant)

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